

LADY! THINE EYE IS BRIGHT

LADY! thine eye is bright—
Boast of it well,
While youth and delight
In its airy beam dwell:
Fast comes the hour
When its light must away—
Portent the power
That bids beauty decay.

Lady! thy lip is red—
Be proud, lady, proud;
Rejoice ere its bloom is shed
Under the shroud.
When the sod presses you,
Pleasure is gone;
When the worm kisses you,
Raptures are done.

Lady! rejoice—
Triumph has crowned you;
List to the voice
Of flatt'ry around you.
Forget that your bright day
Brings darkness behind it;
Forget while you may,
You will soon be reminded!

WHAT WILL I DO GIN MY DOGGIE DEE ?

AIR—" *O'er the hills an' far away.*"

OH! what will I do gin my
doggie dee?
He was sae kind an' true
to me,

Sae handsome, an' sae fu' o' glee—
What will I do gin my doggie dee?
My guide upon the wintry hill,
My faithfu' friend through gude an' ill,
An' aye sae pleased an' proud o' me—
What will I do gin my doggie dee?

He lay sae canty i' my plaid,
His chafts upon my shouther-blade,
His hinder paw upon my knee,
Sae crouse an' cosh, my doggie an' me.
He wagged his tail wi' sic a swirl,
He cocked his lug wi' sic a curl,
An' aye snook't out his nose to me—
Oh! what will I do gin my doggie dee?

He watched ilk movement o' my ee,
When I was glad he barkit tae;
When I was waefu', sae was he—
Oh! I ne'er lo'ed him as he lo'ed me.

GIN MY DOGGIE DEE ?

He guarded me baith light an' dark,
An' helpit me at a' my wark;
Whare'er I wandered there was he—
What will I do gin my doggie dee?

Nae ither tyke the country roun',
Was ever fit to dicht his shoon;
But now they'll hae a jubilee,
He's like to be removed frae me.
'Twas late yestreen my wife an' he—
Deil hae the loons that mauled them sae!
They're baith as ill as ill can be—
What will I do gin my doggie dee?

ELSIE

(As sung by her boorish husband.)

AIR—"Bobbin John."

ELSIE'S neat an' clean,
Elsie's proud an' saucy,
Elsie's trig an' braw,
Elsie is a lassie;

Elsie is a fule,

Elsie's neives are massy.

Elsie's tongue is lang—

Elsie is a lassie.

Elsie is my wife,

Thinks to be the ruler;

Elsie is an ass,

Thinks that I care for her;

Swear's she'll keep the cash,

Disna keep a boddle,

Wares it a' on dress,

Ca's hersel' a model!

Elsie is a guse—

I'll gang an' tell her,

I'll hae the house,

I'll hae the siller;

I'll haud my ain,

I'll keep the causey;

Elsie wears the breeks?—

Elsie is a lassie.

ELSIE

I've got a foot,
 Ken how to use it;
If I gie a kick,
 She maun just excuse it.
I am a man,
 Strong built an' massy—
Elsie's takes her chance,
 Elsie's but a lassie!

DUBBYSIDE

THE foam-flakes flash, the black
rocks scowl,
The sea-bird screams, the wild
winds howl;

A giant wave springs up on high—
“One pull for God’s sake!” is the cry:
If struck, we perish in the tide—
If saved, we land at Dubbyside!

O Dubbyside! our peril’s past,
And bliss and thee are reached at last!
As sprang Leander to his bride,
Half drowned, so we to Dubbyside!
What though we’re drenched, we will be dried
Upon thy banks, sweet Dubbyside!

Are we in Heaven, or are we here,
Or in the Moon, or Jupiter?
These velvet Links, o’ golfers rife,
Are they in Paradise, or Fife?
Am I alive, or am I dead,
Or am I *not* at Dubbyside?

Through Eden’s groves there flowed a stream,
And there it’s very waters gleam—
Its pebbly bed, its banks the same,
Unchanged in all except the name,

DUBBYSIDE

Since Adam bathed in Leven tide,
While Eve reposed at Dubbyside!

And still it is a blissful spot,
Though Paradise is all forgot
The fairies shower their radiance here,
The rocks look bright, the dubs are clear;
Deem not that bush the forest's pride—
Remember, you're at Dubbyside!

Is that an angel shining there,
Or sea-nymph with her flowing hair,
Or Neptune's pearl-embowered bride
Kissing the foam-bells of the tide?
'Tis neither angel, nymph, nor bride—
'Tis Podley Jess of Dubbyside!

WHEN THIS OLD WIG WAS NEW

AIR—“*When this old coat was new.*”

WHEN this old wig was new,
The Barber raised his eyes
And blessed himself to view
A wig so wondrous wise!

It was his pride—and, sooth,
I proudly prized it too,
For I was but a youth
When this old wig was new.

But now my wig is old,
And I am young no more;
The course of time has rolled,
And our career is o'er:
I'll mix no more with men
As I was wont to do,
Nor see the days again
When this old wig was new.

Oh, the days that I have seen,
And the hours that I have passed,
And the pleasures that have been
Too exquisite to last!

THIS OLD WIG WAS NEW

Before my eyes they pass
In sweet though sad review—
I think of what I was
When this old wig was new.

I think of times when far
Aloof cold envy stood,
And brethren of the Bar
Professed good brotherhood—
Not soulless etiquette,
But friendship warm and true,
With heart and hand we met
When this old wig was new.

No greedy hand was then
Projected for a fee;
We held no servile pen
To any lordly he:
And none of us demurred
The poor man's cause to sue,
For honour was the word
When this old wig was new.

Then truly was the age
Of matchless eloquence,
And counsels deep and sage,
And energy intense;

THIS OLD WIG WAS NEW

And we had men of lore,
And wit and fancy too,
For Wisdom's cup ran o'er
When this old wig was new.

I've laughed until mine eye
Has filled with tears of glee,
I've wept that fountain dry
From very agony,
As the floods of Erskine broke,
Or the sparks of humour flew
From the lips of those who spoke
When this old wig was new.

But when our weekly toil
Brought Saturday about,
Then all was one turmoil
Of revelry and rout.

(Cætera desunt.)

THE SIGN O' THE CRAW

(SENTIMENTS ATTRIBUTED TO A WELL-KNOWN
FREQUENTER OF THAT INSTITUTION)

AIR—" *Soldier's joy.*"

LET others sing the graces an' roose
the jolly faces
O' a' the bonnie lasses that ever
were ava ;

I'll rout wi' right gude will, about the joys I feel,
When sookin' at a gill at the Sign o' the Craw.

Lal de daudle, &c.

I like meat unco weel, for my wame it can fill,
An' wantin' it I feel I could ne'er fend ava:
But why I wish to fend some folk hae never
ken'd—

'Tismystaps that I may bend to the Sign o' the
Craw.

Lal de daudle, &c.

I'll acknowledge my belief, that to hae a tidy
wife

Is a comfort to my life that I couldna forega ;
For if she's worth a louse, she may surely keep
the house

When I've gane to take a bouse at the Sign o'
the Craw.

Lal de daudle, &c.

THE SIGN O' THE CRAW

I never a' my days liked to gang withouten claes,
An' a reason if you please I can readily shaw:
'Tis that when my siller's gane, my coat I then
can pawn,

An' get anither can at the Sign o' the Crow.

Lal de daudle, &c.

The last time I was sober, ae morning in Oc-
tober,

I foregathered wi' a robber wha clinked my cash
awa;

But not e'en the hornèd deil frae me can ever
steal

What I've gien them for a gill at the sign o'
the Crow.

Lal de daudle, &c.

I wadna gie a sneeshin' to hear a blockhead
screechin',

Himsel' an' ithers fashin', cause a lassie's ran
awa';

Contented here I am, sae I'll e'en take aff my
dram,

Till I fa' into a dwam at the Sign o' the Crow,

Lal de daudle, &c.

MY WIFE HAS COME OWER TO CURE ME

AIR—“*My Mither's aye glowerin' o'er me.*”

MY wife she's come ower to cure
me—
For naething on earth but to
cure me;

I was deein' o' ease, an' comfort, an' peace,
An' my wife has come ower to cure me.
Nae doubt I was ill when a' thing gaed weel,
An' I didna ken what was gude for me;
Mysleep was sae soun', an' my bodysae roun';
But my wife has come ower—an' she'll cure me.

My wife has come ower to cure me,
My wife has come ower to cure me;
She cuist up her place where she gat meat an'
claes,

An' she's come ower the water to cure me.
My cheeks weresae red, my heart was sae glad,
Bad symptoms they were to alarm me;
Preternatural fat, an' strength, an' a' that,
But my wife has come ower—an' she'll cure me.

My wife has come ower to cure me,
To show the affection she bore me;
I was deein' o' health, an' ruined wi' wealth,
When my wife came ower to cure me.

OWER TO CURE ME

I rose wi' the lark, an' ate like a shark,
A' the joys o' the angels came ower me;
Outrageously right, stark mad wi' delight;
But my wife has come ower—an' she'll cure me.

My wife has come ower to cure me—
For no earthly cause but to cure me;
I was horridly weel—my banes hard as steel;
But my wife has come hame—an' she'll cure
me.

Oh were she to die, what wad come o' me?
What spirits an' thrills wad devour me!
Ilka pap wi' the shool on the tap o' the mool,
Wad forbid her frae comin' to cure me.

DRINKIN' DRAMS

(BACCHANALIAN HEROICS)

AIR—“*My Luve's in Germany.*”

[Since Mr Outram wrote the following verses, the temperance cause has made great progress, and deservedly so; but it is just possible that it will be the temperance people rather than the toppers who will laugh most at this ironically humorous song.]

He ance was holy,
An' melancholy,
Till he found the folly
O' singin' psalms;
He's now as red's a rose,
An' there's pimples on his nose,
And in size it daily grows
By drinkin' drams.

He ance was weak,
An' couldna eat a steak
Without gettin' sick
An' takin' qualms;
But now he can eat
O' ony kind o' meat,
For he's got an appeteeet
By drinkin' drams.

He ance was thin,
Wi' a nose like a pen,
An' haunds like a hen,
An' nae hams;

DRINKIN' DRAMS

But now he's round an' tight,
An' a deevil o' a wight,
For he's got himsel' put right
By drinkin' drams.

He ance was saft as dirt,
An' as pale as ony shirt,
An' as useless as a cart
Without the trams;
But now he'd face the deil,
Or swallow Jonah's whale—
He's as gleg's a puddock's tail
Wi' drinkin' drams.

Oh! pale, pale was his hue,
An' cauld, cauld was his broo,
An' he grumbled like an ewe
'Mang libbit rams;
But now his broo is bricht,
An' his een are orbs o' licht,
An' his nose is just a sicht
Wi' drinkin' drams.

He studied mathematics,
Logic, ethics, hydrostatics,
Till he needed diuretics
To lowse his dams;

DRINKIN' DRAMS

But now, without a lee,
He could make anither sea,
For he's left philosophy
An' taen to drams.

He found that learnin', fame,
Gas, philanthropy, an' steam,
Logic, loyalty, gude name,
Were a' mere shams ;
That the source o' joy below,
An' the antidote to woe,
An' the only proper go,
Was drinkin' drams.

It's true that we can see
Auld Nick, wi' gloatin' ee,
Just waitin' till he dee
'Mid frichts and dwams ;
But what's Auld Nick to him,
Or palsied tongue or limb,
Wi' glass filled to the brim
When drinkin' drams!

HERE I AM

WHAEVER'S here that wishes
a cure
For mind, or wind, or limb,
Let him listen to mine—wi'
me it's been sure—

It'll be the same wi' him.
Whatever comfort failed me,
Whatever it was that ailed me,
Whatever was my plisky,
Whatever dangers cam—
I tipp'd aff a bottle o' whisky,
An' here I am!

Ance I was ill, an' to mak' up his bill,
The Doctor cam like stour,
Wi' a forpit o' squills, an' laxative pills,
My bowels for to cure.

He swore I was in a consumption—
I swore he had nae gumption;
He said I might tak the riskie—
I said I wad tak my dram,—
Sae I tipp't aff a bottle o' whisky,
An' here I am!

When I was in love, my mettle to prove,
My sweetheart behaved unco queer;
She ance saw me fou, an' she ca'd me a sow,
An' said I was portable beer!

HERE I AM

Her love I cast aff a' houp o't,
Sae I ran to a linn to loup it—
But as I was rinnin' sae briskly,
 I thought I wad tak a dram—
Sae I tipp'd aff a bottle o' whisky,
 An' here I am!

I ance gaed aff, like a sober calf,
 To sail the warld round,
But as we cam' back, the ship was a wrack,
 An' we were just gaun to be drowned;
The passengers lustily sang out,
The crew whomelled into the long boat,
An' how I got out o' the plisky,
 I dinna ken whether I swam—
But I tipp'd aff a bottle o' whisky,
 An' here I am!